The Stratford Shakespeare Anthology

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The earliest known representation of
Shakespeare's Birthplace,
Stratford-upon-Avon, 1769

THE STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by
LEVI FOX
Director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

COTMAN HOUSE

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy . . .
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 2.

The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy . . .
Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.

Hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles . . .
As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Mincing poetry . . .
King Henry IV Part I, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.

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PREFACE

THE popularity of my *Shakespeare Treasury* in this series of little books has suggested that an anthology of further passages from Shakespeare's writings might well prove an acceptable companion. Primarily it is an offering for those who do not have an intimate knowledge of Shakespeare's plays but who in odd moments have inclination to discover the magic of the appeal of the Stratford dramatist whose genius has won the admiration of the world.

The selections which follow are essentially a personal choice, providing an illustration of the infinite range and variety of Shakespeare's knowledge as also of his matchless understanding of human nature. Some of the passages are among the best-known lines in the English language; others, less known, are equally memorable for their felicitous expressions and command of words. As in

the case of the *Treasury* the arrangement follows no set pattern or theme, but titles which seem appropriate have been added.

Ideally excerpts of this kind should of course be read in the context of the plays or poems from which they are taken and it is my hope that those who derive any pleasure from this modest sampling may be moved to seek a closer acquaintance with Shakespeare's complete works, which are available in many attractive editions.

I have called my compilation *The Stratford Shakespeare Anthology* because Stratford-upon-Avon, the place of the poet's birth and death, has become a literary Mecca unique in its attraction. Over a million people representing all the nations of the world now visit the Shakespearian properties each year.

LEVI FOX

The Shakespeare Centre
Stratford-upon-Avon

CONTENTS

Poetic Imagination	13
Music	14–15
Hey Nonino	16–17
Cuckoo Song	18
Fairy Song	19
Pity	20
Friendship	21
Elizabeth's Greatness	22–23
Berowne	24
Desdemona	25
Courtship	26–27
Marriage	28
A Wife's Duty	29
Exhortation	30–31
Sweet Silent Thought	32
Beauty	33
Birds	34–35
Romeo's Love	36–37
Opportunity	38
Promise and Performance	39

Agincourt 40–41
Magic 42
Dreams 43
Love-in-Idleness 44–45
Devastation of War 46
Divine Kingship 47
Suns and Clouds 48
Body and Soul 49
Honour 50
Actors 51
Marcus Antonius Speaks 52–53
Timon Approaches Death 54
Natural Nobility 55
Wine 56
Falstaff on Sherry 57
Test of the Caskets 58
Sweet-and-Twenty 59
Earthquakes 60
Portents 61
Time's Glory 62
Cleopatra Beautiful 63
Richard's Deposition 64

Othello's End 65
Excess 66
Bluntness 67
Feste's Song 68–69
Poor Yorick 70
King Lear in the Storm 71
The Burden of Kingship 72–73
Readiness 74
The Dauntless Mind 75
Simple Living 76–77
Blind Cupid 78
Seals of Love 79
Winter Song 80–81
Eternal Summer 82
Farewell 83
Women's Eyes 84–85
Vanity 86
Madness 87
Flowers 88–89
The Queen's Bidding 90
Retreat 91
Vanity of Glory 92–93

Moonlight 94
The Sun 95
Ultimatum 96–97
Wolsey's Farewell 98–99
Falstaff's Pressed Men 100
Garter Ceremony 101
Dawn 102–103
Kate 104
A Wife Defends Herself 105
Macbeth's Ambition 106–107
Ornament 108–109
Love 110
The Right Choice 111
Time 112–113
Caliban's Offer 114
The Hunt 115
Ceremony 116–117
Pericles' Lament 118
Chance 119
Established Order 120–121
Beatrice 122
Benedick 123

Lullaby 124–125
Fearful Dream 126
Sleep 127
The Blossom 128
Youth and Age 129
Trickster 130
Puck 131
Lilies that Fester 132
Love's Constancy 133
Good Counsel 134–135
Illiterate 136
Innocence 137
Farewell to Greatness 138–139
Fools 140
Witches 141
Mercy 142–143
Princely Deception 144–145
Jaques 146
Cordelia 147
Age 148
Banishment 149
Hamlet's Soliloquy 150–151

Man's Pre-eminence 152
Brief Authority 153
The Seven Ages 154–155
Prospero Abjures Magic 156–157
Farewell 158–159
Shakespeare's Epitaph 160

POETIC IMAGINATION

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the
poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.

MUSIC

That strain again – it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. . . .

Twelfth Night, Act 1, Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. . . .

The Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Titus Andronicus, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and
neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet
sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual
stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: . . .

The Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Mark, how one string, sweet husband to
another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy
mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many,
seeming one, . . .

Sonnets, 8.

HEY NONINO

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty
ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It, Act 5, Sc. 3.

CUCKOO SONG

When daisies pied and violets blue
  And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
  Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
    Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
  And merry larks are ploughmen's
    clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
  And maidens bleach their summer
    smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
    Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.

FAIRY SONG

Now the hungry lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
  Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
  In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
  In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
  By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
  Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Sc. 1.

PITY

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,
hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to
church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.

FRIENDSHIP

We grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.

ELIZABETH'S GREATNESS

This royal infant – heaven still move
about her! –
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand
blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she
shall be –
But few now living can behold that
goodness –
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely
graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall
nurse her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

King Henry VIII, Act 5, Sc. 5.

BEROWNE

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 2, Sc. 1.

DESDEMONA

A maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning
pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation,
Does tire the ingener.

Tempests themselves, high seas, and
howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated
sands, –
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless
keel, –
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Othello, Act 2, Sc. 1.

COURTSHIP

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, – she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.

Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission
tends
And therein you are senseless.

Cymbeline, Act 2, Sc. 3.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is
no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.

MARRIAGE

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your
hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your
rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship . . .
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

King Henry VI Part I, Act 5, Sc. 5.

A WIFE'S DUTY

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen,
sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? . . .
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for
frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past
compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed
least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your
husband's foot.

The Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Sc. 2.

EXHORTATION

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his
neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian'
Then he will strip his sleeve and show his
scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's
day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our
names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and
Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly
remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were
not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

King Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 3.

SWEET SILENT THOUGHT

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
times' waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnets, 30.

BEAUTY

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead, within an hour.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

All hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.

BIRDS

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yes, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 3.

When arm in arm they both came swiftly
running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves.

King Henry VI, Act 2, Sc. 2.

The throstle with his note so true.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
with orange-tawny bill,

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.

The lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.

Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in.

Venus and Adonis.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the
lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

The Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Sc. 3.

ROMEO'S LOVE

But, soft! what light through yonder
window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than
she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady; O! it is my love:
O! that she knew she were.
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of
that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her
head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame
those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in
heaven
Would through the airy region stream so
bright
That birds would sing and think it were
not night.
See! how she leans her cheek upon her
hand:
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 2.

OPPORTUNITY

You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our
friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE

Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 1.

AGINCOURT

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring
dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul
womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire; and through their paly
flames,
Each battle sees the other's umbered face:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful
neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow; the clocks do
toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning
name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,
Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures
sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.

King Henry V, Act 4, Prologue

MAGIC

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printless
foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly
him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets,
that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets
make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you,
whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that
rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though you be) I have
bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the
mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured
vault
Set roaring war . . . *The Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.*

DREAMS

I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who
woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from
thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping
south.

Romeo and Juliet, Act 1, Sc. 4.

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, – past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious
breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the
earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his
bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the
wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.

DEVASTATION OF WAR

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly
forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green
clover.
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,
burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and
hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to
wildness.
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and
children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences, that should become our
country;
But grow, like savages . . .

King Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.

DIVINE KINGSHIP

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed
king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath
press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden
crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards
the right.

King Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.

SUNS AND CLOUDS

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly
alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my
brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from
me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit
disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when
heaven's sun staineth. *Sonnets, 33.*

BODY AND SOUL

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer
dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more: –
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more
dying then.

Sonnets, 146.

HONOUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the
pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might
wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

King Henry IV Part 1, Act 1, Sc. 3.

From lowest place when virtuous things
proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name: vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Sc. 3.

ACTORS

Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.

O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod.

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.

MARCUS ANTONIUS SPEAKS

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly
blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their
ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my
tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they
behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of
war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's
voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the
earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.

TIMON APPROACHES DEATH

I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso
please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you do my
greeting . . .

Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither
come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Timon of Athens, Act 5, Sc. 1.

NATURAL NOBILITY

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly
I' th' cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others.

Cymbeline, Act 3, Sc. 3.

WINE

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 7.

Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

Othello, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Give me a bowl of wine;
In this I bury all unkindness.

Julius Caesar, Act 4, Sc. 3.

FALSTAFF ON SHERRY

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom . . .

King Henry IV Part II, Act 4, Sc. 3.

TEST OF THE CASKETS

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd,
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 7.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY

O Mistress mine, where are you
roaming;
O, stay and hear! your true love's
coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty!
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Twelfth Night, Act 2, Sc. 3.

EARTHQUAKES

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.

King Henry IV Part I, Act 3, Sc. 1.

PORTENTS

The night has been unruly: where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as
they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange
screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New-hatch'd to the woeful time. The
obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say
the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on
their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at
hand;
When the sun sets who doth not look for
night?
Untimely storms make men expect a
dearth.

King Richard III, Act 2, Sc. 3.

TIME'S GLORY

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to
light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering
golden tow'rs;
To fill with worm-holes stately
monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens'
wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish
springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's
wheel; . . .

The Rape of Lucrece

CLEOPATRA BEAUTIFUL

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the
oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made
The water, which they beat, to follow
faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act 2, Sc. 2.

RICHARD'S DEPOSITION

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my
crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred
state,
With mine own breath release all duteous
oaths.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me.
God keep all vows unbroke are made to
thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
grieved
And thou with all pleased, that hast all
achieved.

King Richard II, Act 4, Sc. 1.

OTHELLO'S END

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know't.
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must
you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being
wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose
hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose
subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down
this: . . .

Othello, Act 5, Sc. 2.

EXCESS

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John, Act 4, Sc. 2.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little
More than a little is by much too much.

King Henry IV Part I, Act 3, Sc. 2.

BLUNTNESS

I am no orator as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know
full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor
worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of
speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 2.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of
peace.

Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

King Richard III, Act 4, Sc. 4.

FESTE'S SONG

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Twelfth Night, Act 5, Sc. 1.

POOR YORICK

Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that..

Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.

KING LEAR IN THE STORM

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples,
drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing
fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving
thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all
shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once
That makes ingrateful man!

King Lear, Act 3, Sc. 2.

THE BURDEN OF KINGSHIP

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this
world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous
ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with
sleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

King Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.

READINESS

Not a whit, we defy augury; there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come – the readiness is all. Since no man owes of aught he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 2.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: . . .

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.

THE DAUNTLESS MIND

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself . . .
Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

King Henry VI Part III, Act 3, Sc. 3.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire.
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

King John, Act 5, Sc. 1.

SIMPLE LIVING

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how thy run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the
times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with
young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet
grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

King Henry VI Part III, Act 2, Sc. 5.

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor . . .

Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3.

BLIND CUPID

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted
blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment
taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves
forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 1, Sc. 1.

SEALS OF LOVE

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
    Bring again –
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
    sealed in vain!

Measure for Measure, Act 4, Sc. 1.

WINTER SONG

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.

ETERNAL SUMMER

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a
date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in
his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes
can see
So long lives this, and this gives life to
thee.

Sonnets, 18.

FAREWELL

Farewell! thou art too dear for my
possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy
estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee
releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy
granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then
not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else
mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment
making.

Sonnets, 87.

WOMEN'S EYES

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller,
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,

And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is;
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our
books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or
you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.

VANITY

Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,' –
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, –
'I shall beseech you,' – that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey-book:
'O, sir,' says answer, 'at your best
command;
At your employment; at your service, sir'
'No, sir' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question
would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society
And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

King John, Act 1, Sc. 1.

MADNESS

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,
tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of
form,
The observ'd of all observers; quite, quite
down.
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign
reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and
harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I
see!

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.

FLOWERS

For you there's rosemary and rue; these
keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards.

Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that frighted thou
let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty; violets
dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale prime-roses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, – a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. . . .

The Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.

Flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their shew; their substance still
lives sweet.

Sonnets, 5.

These flowers are like the pleasure of the
world; . . .

Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.

THE QUEEN'S BIDDING

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and
mulberries.
The honey bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen
thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's
eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise,
And pluck the wings from painted
butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping
eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 1.

RETREAT

But go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual
reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of
blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin
weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year
Come challenge me, challenge me by these
deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Sc. 2.

VANITY OF GLORY

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,
spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?

Julius Caesar, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and
epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so – for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are
Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but
death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our
bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain
in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have
depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some
sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the
antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with
looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd
thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell
king!

King Richard II, Act 3, Sc. 2.

MOONLIGHT

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the
night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Sc. 1.

THE SUN

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills.

Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 1.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

King Richard III, Act 5, Sc. 3.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning with splendour of his precious
eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering
gold.

King John, Act 3, Sc. 1.

ULTIMATUM

How yet resolves the governor of the
town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give
yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a
soldier, –
A name that in my thoughts, becomes me
best, –
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of
heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing
like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering
infants. . . .

Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your
people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my
command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind
of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking
daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to
the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls
confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of
Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

King Henry V, Act 3, Sc. 3.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of – say I taught thee –
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou
fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
King;
And prithee lead me in.
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell,
Had I but served my God, with half the
zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine
age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.

FALSTAFF'S PRESSED MEN

I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, . . . and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, . . . and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient. . . . *King Henry IV Part I, Act 4, Sc. 2.*

GARTER CEREMONY

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious
flower.
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest
With loyal blazon ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you
sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And Honi soit qui mal y pense write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
knee.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Sc. 5.

DAWN

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds
full fast;
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here
and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned
spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 3, Sc. 2.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the
gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 5, Sc. 3.

The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the
frowning night
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks
of light;
And fleckeled darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery
wheels.

Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Sc. 3.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious
streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 5.

KATE

You lie in faith, for you are called plain
Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
curst,
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in
Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore
Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation –
Hearing thy mildness praised in every
town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty
sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my
wife.

The Taming of The Shrew, Act 2, Sc. 1.

A WIFE DEFENDS HERSELF

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or
sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of
your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call
to mind
That I have been your wife, in this
obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been
blessed
With many children by you.

King Henry VIII, Act 2, Sc. 4.

MACBETH'S AMBITION

If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and
catch
With his surcease success; that but this
blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these
cases
We still have judgment here; that we but
teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return
To plague the inventor; this even-handed
justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double
trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his
host,
Who should against his murderer shut the
door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd
against
The deep damnation of his taking-off. . . .
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
And falls on the other.

Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.

ORNAMENT

So may the outward shows be least
themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all
as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on
beauty.

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the
weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of
it . . .
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous
scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times
put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou
gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Sc. 2.

LOVE

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.

THE RIGHT CHOICE

While thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. . . . A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

King Henry V, Act 5, Sc. 2.

As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor:

As You Like It, Act 3, Sc. 3.

TIME

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which
are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to
hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then,
the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: then what they
do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must
o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by
the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he
would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not
virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in
service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Sc. 3.

CALIBAN'S OFFER

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs
grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee
pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee
how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring
thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll
get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou
go with me?

The Tempest, Act 2, Sc. 2.

THE HUNT

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are
green:
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely
bride,
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's
peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.

Titus Andronicus, Act 2, Sc. 2.

I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the
bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 4, Sc. 1.

CEREMONY

'Tis good for men to love their present
pains
Upon example, so the spirit is eased.
And when the mind is quickened, out of
doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead
before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly
move
With casted slough, and fresh legerity.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the King.
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the
breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can
feel
But his own wringing.

King Henry V, Act 4, Sc. 1.

PERICLES' LAMENT

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear,
No light, no fire. Th' unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act 3, Sc. 1.

Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we
read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

King Henry IV Part I, Act 4, Sc. 1.

They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
Lord, we know what we are, but know
not what we may be.

Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.

ESTABLISHED ORDER

The heavens themselves, the planets, and
this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order . . .
O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could
communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in
cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres,
laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows; each
thing meets
In mere oppugnancy; the bounded waters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the
shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father
dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong –
Between whose endless jar justice resides –
Should lose their names, and so should
justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, Sc. 3.

BEATRICE

Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen. . . . What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him. . . . Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 1.

BENEDICK

May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Sc. 3.

LULLABY

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen:
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby!
    Never harm,
    Nor spell, nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh;
  So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 2.

FEARFUL DREAM

O Lord! methought what pain it was to
drown:
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful
wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of
pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in
the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were
crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay
scatter'd by.

King Richard III, Act 1, Sc. 4.

SLEEP

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted
thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine
eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky
cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to
thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the
great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?

King Henry IV Part II, Act 3, Sc. 1.

THE BLOSSOM

On a day – alack the day! –
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen, ean passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 3.

YOUTH AND AGE

Crabbed age and youth cannot live
together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn, age like winter
weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter
bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and
cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore
thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd,
hie thee,
For methinks thou stays too long.

The Passionate Pilgrim

TRICKSTER

I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! What a boot is here, with this exchange. Sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore.

The Winter's Tale, Act 4, Sc. 4.

PUCK

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Sc. 1.

LILIES THAT FESTER

They that have power to hurt, and will
do none,
That do not do the thing they most do
show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow, –
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer
sweet
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by
their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds.

Sonnets, 94.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never
shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnets, 116.

GOOD COUNSEL

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine
enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy
friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for
silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd courage.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous choice in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3.

ILLITERATE

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller parts.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act 4, Sc. 2.

INNOCENCE

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions.
To start into her face; a thousand innocent
shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 4, Sc. 1.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

The Winter's Tale, Act 3, Sc. 2.

FAREWELL TO GREATNESS

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my
greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts
forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow
blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening, – nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on
bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me; and now has
left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide
me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I
hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how
wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes'
favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would
aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their
ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and
women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

King Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 2.

FOOLS

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Twelfth Night, Act 3, Sc. 1.

The more pity that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

As You Like It, Act 1, Sc. 2.

WITCHES

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the
earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you
aught
That man may question? You seem to
understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: – You should be
women,
And yet your beards forbid me to
interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.

MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his
crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal
power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for
mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render
The deeds of mercy.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Sc. 1.

PRINCELY DECEPTION

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious
clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd
at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly
mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they
wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more
eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I
will.

King Henry IV Part I, Act 1, Sc. 2.

JAQUES

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

As You Like It, Act 4, Sc. 1.

CORDELIA

. . . You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and
tears
Were like a better way; those happy
smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to
know
What guests were in her eyes; which
parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

King Lear, Act 4, Sc. 3.

AGE

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

BANISHMENT

And why not death rather than living
torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self, – a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 3, Sc. 1.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous
fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to
sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's
the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would these
fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death,
The undiscover'd country from whose
bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 1.

MAN'S PRE-EMINENCE

There's nothing, situate under Heaven's
eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged
fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their
controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery
seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their
lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

A Comedy of Errors, Act 2, Sc. 1.

BRIEF AUTHORITY

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength: but it is
tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing
but thunder –
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous
bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep . . .

Measure for Measure, Act 2, Sc. 2.

THE SEVEN AGES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like
snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a
soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As You Like It, Act 2, Sc. 7.

PROSPERO ABJURES MAGIC

But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, – which even now I do, –
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

The Tempest, Act 5, Sc. 1.

FAREWELL

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

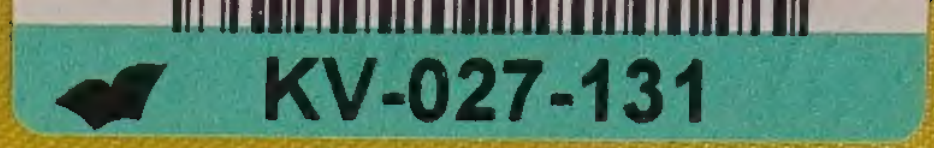
Fear no more the lightning flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
  Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must,
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
  Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
  Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

Cymbeline, Act 4, Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE'S EPITAPH

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stone
And curst be he that moves my bones.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